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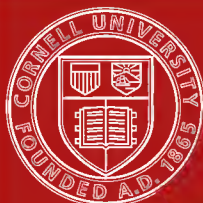
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FIRST

EDITION

Golden Texts from
The Works of
**WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE**

A collection of quotations from
the Plays and Poems arranged
under proper classification.

INDEXED

by

William J. Raddatz, A. B.

LIFE MEMBER NEW YORK
SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

THE WERNER COMPANY
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
AKRON, OHIO.

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“No book is worth anything, which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passage you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory.”

Ruskin.



INTRODUCTION.

“Bread of flour is good: but there is bread sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.”

What sweeter honey than the thoughts gleaned from the books of the Bard of Avon?

How easily our souls may transcend these three hundred years and be united with this noble spirit, if our souls but will.

What joy it is to wander with Romeo to Juliet's window, to live through that beautiful night of youth and love; what fancies are born in Othello's indomitable jealousy; what mirth in Falstaff's fall.

In them the master mind has struck a chord which will reverberate for all time for all men who will but listen.

Ruskin says, “the essence of vulgarity is lack of sensation.” What can we say of Shakespeare; he leads our fancies hither and thither, first through the highways of mirth and laughter, then through the labyrinths of life into the depths of sorrow. They live, they breathe, these beings of Shakespeare's fancy; they speak the most beautiful thoughts that were ever conceived in the mind of man.

These thoughts, these most sublime conceptions I have endeavored to compile under various appropriate headings for the easy access of those who may seek the profoundest expressions on any subject.

In many instances as can be readily perceived from the text, the thought contained is self explanatory as for instance "Frailty, thy name is woman," whereas in others the meaning is less apparent as "'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good," in which cases I have striven to find a word for the caption which would concisely and at the same time lucidly give the key to the contained quotation.

The reader will find that I have only extracted such passages as could be quoted as thoughts, not merely as catch phrases devoid of all but purely local significance. For illustration

"Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything."

To each quotation is appended the act, scene and play from which the passage is taken, thus enabling the reader to ascertain for himself the connection in which the thought was expressed and the character from whose mouth the words have emanated.

The text which I have used for my researches is the Cambridge text, thus the work contains

GOLDEN TEXTS FROM SHAKESPEARE

the quotations not only from every play but from every poem accredited to Shakespeare.

Each passage whether verse or prose has been carefully copied and never altered in the slightest degree.

I recommend the book to the student for it may serve him as a stimulant to further delve into the mystic labyrinths of this wonderful genius; to the lawyer and public speaker, for in it he will find classified the arguments that will not be refuted and cannot be denied; and to the general reader, for he will find here the grandest thoughts that were ever conceived in the mind of the world's greatest literary genius.

THE AUTHOR.

INTENTION.

....what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be,
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

....by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.
—*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it:
—*Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

....when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon.
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

WOMAN.

Frailty, thy name is woman—

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

The charest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

...women's fear and love holds quantity,

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

...women are not

In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal:

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 12.*

...there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass.

—*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid as in woman.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

...women, being the weaker vessels, are ever
thrust to the wall:

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

WOMAN.

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Two women placed together makes cold weather:

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Who is 't can read a woman?

—*Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

...if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it:

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

•—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind

More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Women are angels, wooing:

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

WOMAN.

. . . .when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

. . . .women are frail
. . . .as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Women!men their creation mar
In profiting by them.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

WOMAN.

....women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Men's vows are women's traitors.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

....'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

....a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's.
—*King John*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curtest shrew.
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

....how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!
—*Julius Caesar*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

WOMAN.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

. . . . the honour of a maid is her name;

—*All's Well That End's Well, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:

—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

'Tis a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

—*King Henry V., Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . . when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled:

—*King Henry VI, (Part i), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 3.*

No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks

And does the meanest chares.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 15.*

WOMAN.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

'Tis virtue that doth make women most admired;
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
—*Sonnets XLI.*

. . . . to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

I know that a woman is a dish for the gods,
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
—*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
—*Comedy of Errors, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

WOMAN.

. . . .and certainly a woman's thought runs before
her actions.

—*As You Like It*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think,
I must speak.

—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Men's fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 18th verse.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 19th verse.

. . . .men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds

WOMAN.

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
 Then, call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 178-179th verse.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.

WOMAN.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
 And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . .all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke,
 —*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . . 'tis age, that nourisheth.
 But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourisheth
 —*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
 —*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

MAN.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

—*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

...we all are men,
In our own natures frail and culpable
Of our flesh; few are angels:
—*King Henry VIII., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

MAN.

. . . .all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .what fools these mortals be!
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

At all times alike
Men are not still the same.
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

f Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
— *Julius Cæsar*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one
chaste man.
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

MAN.

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:

—*King Henry IV., Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . .do you know what a man is? Is not birth,
beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gen-
tleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice
and salt that season a man?

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . .man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep;

—*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*The Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man.
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

MAN.

Men were deceivers ever,
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.
—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 18th verse.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Women! . . . men their creation mar
In profiting by them.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Men's vows are women's traitors.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

MAN.

Men's fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

. . . . were man

But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults;

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

DISPASSION.

. . . . blest are those,
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

CALUMNY.

. . . . slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

CALUMNY.

What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . .back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . .one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

. . . .be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape calumny.
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . .an you had any eye behind you, you might
see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before
you.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

CALUMNY.

. . . .slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's
—*Winter's Tale*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

. . . .calumny will sear
Virtue itself:
—*Winter's Tale*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . .slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
—*Sonnets LXX*.

MADNESS.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

MADNESS.

. . . . a madman's epistles are no gospels,
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

PASSION.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows:
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

ETERNITY.

. . . . that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will.
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

CENSURE.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape;

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

PROVIDENCE.

. . . .there is special providence in the fall of a
sparrow.

—*Hamlet*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

PROVIDENCE.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

—*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

OLD AGE.

. . . .they say, an old man is twice a child.

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

—*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . .world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

OLD AGE.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore it is too late a week:

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . . when the age is in, the wit is out.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

. . . . 'tis age, that nourisheth.

But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourisheth

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 40th verse.

'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 12th verse.

. . . . age, in love, loves not to have years told.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1st verse.

Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd

With checks

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

OLD AGE.

Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like a summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 12th verse.

O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
—*Sonnets CXXXVIII*.

YOUTH.

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sec. 3.
Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

YOUTH.

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . . youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

. . . . briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys

—*Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth yet obey an old decree:

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

And may not young men die, as well as old?

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

—*King Henry VI*, (*Part iii*), Act 2, Sc. 1.

YOUTH.

.....though the camomile, the more it is trodden
on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted,
the sooner it wears.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Youth is full of pleasance,

Age is full of care:

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame:

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee;

Youth, I do adore thee;

O, my love, my love is young!

—*The Passionate Pilgrim, 12th verse.*

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot
endure in his age.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

YOUTH.

... boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

—*King Lear*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

... 'tis age, that nourisheth.

But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourisheth

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 12th verse.

FAME.

... there's hope, a great man's memory may out-
live his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build
churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on,

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

FAME.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is aripening, nips his root,
And then he falls.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . too much honor.

. . . . 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

—*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb
ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than
the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

—*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part
We bend to that the working of the heart;

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

FAME.

. . . .honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost:
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on:

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honor for an inward toil;
 And for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that, betwixt their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

—*King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 4.*

O, momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

—*King Richard III., Act 3, Sc. 4.*

FAME.

...most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

—*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

...honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

For new-made honor doth forget men's names:

—*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

...Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm?
No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor
hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A
word. What is in that word, honor? What is that
honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it?
He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No.
Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea,
to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No.
Why? Detraction will not suffer it:

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Honor is a mere scutcheon,
—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

FAME.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

FALSEHOOD.

... falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

... will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need;

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

—*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

TRUTH.

... tell truth and shame the devil.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

TRUTH.

...truth will come to light:

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

...truth loves open dealing.

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

...truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Though doubts did ever sleep.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

...is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Truth hath a quiet breast.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

...they say the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

...truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

TRUTH.

. . . . truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

. . . . truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . . to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
—*Sonnets*, CI.

STEALTH.

. . . . Affairs that walk
As, they say, spirits do at midnight have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
—*King John*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

. . . . have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

STEALTH.

. . . . things ill got had ever bad success?

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

HONESTY.

. . . . to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . rich honesty dwells like a miser, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

—*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

. . . . no legacy is so rich as honesty.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

—*King Richard III., Act 4, Sc. 4.*

An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant:

—*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . those that fortune makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.

—*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

HONESTY.

. . . .honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey
a sauce to sugar.

—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

CHILDREN.

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.

—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

—*Winters' Tale*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

. . . .it is a wise father that knows his own child.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . . 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.

—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

CHILDREN.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

—*The Tempest*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

A witty mother! witless else her son.

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

FATHER.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

To you your father should be as a god.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

FATHER.

. . . . it is a wise father that knows his own child.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

MOTHER.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

—*The Tempest*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

A witty mother! witless else her son.

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . . let mothers doubt.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

BROTHER.

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

More than our brother is our chastity.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

PARENTS.

. . . . nature cannot choose his origin

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

FRIENDSHIP.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.

—*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
—*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
—*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels.
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when they mean to sink ye.
—*King Henry VIII., Act 2, Sc. 1.*

FRIENDSHIP.

...you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

...what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

...where there is true friendship, there needs no ceremony.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Who can call him

His friend, that dips in the same dish?

—*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

FRIENDSHIP.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . . to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends newly found.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . . a good heart's worth gold.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 21st verse.

FRIENDSHIP.

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

. . . .keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key:

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

ENMITY.

. . . .be able for thine enemy

Rather in power than use;

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

ABUNDANCE

A double blessing is a double grace;

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

ABUNDANCE.

...they are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
as they that starve with nothing:

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

SURFEIT.

...surfeit is the father of much fast,
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

FEAR.

...you may fear too far.
Safer than trust too far
—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 51st verse.

...best safety lies in fear:
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

In time we hate that which we often fear.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

FEAR.

. . . . passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see
truly.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer
footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear; to
fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
—*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.
—*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

To alter favor ever is to fear.
—*Macbeth Act 1, Sc. 5.*

FEAR.

...when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

—*Macbeth*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

...defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbor in a royal heart.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

FEAR.

Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

—*Venus and Adonis, 115th verse.*

....extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 33rd verse.*

....urge doubts to them that fear.

—*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 1.*

BRAVERY.

....valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver:

—*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Bootless speed!

When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

....well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

—*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

....courage mounteth with occasion:

—*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

BRAVERY.

In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk:
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold,
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 ' Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbor fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the breese,
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of cour-
 age,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Replies to chiding fortune.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

True valor still a true respect should have;
 —*The Rape of Lucrece 29th verse.*

BRAVERY.

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 1

Boldness, be my friend;

Arm me, audacity from head to foot!

—*Cymbeline*, Act 1, Sc. 6.

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

Cowards die many times before their death;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

The better part of valor is discretion.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

...fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 7.

Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant:

—*King Lear*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

COWARDICE.

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:

Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

COWARDICE.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . . coward dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to
threaten

Runs far before them.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Cowards die many times before their death;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

LOVE.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown

Is often held unlov'd:

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 6.

LOVE.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

—*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a
horse's health, a boy's love,

—*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

Love is a smoke, raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:—

. . . . a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . love pricks like thorn.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

LOVE.

... what love can do, that dares love attempt;
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

... young men's love, then, lies,
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

... love's herald's should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving black shadows over lowering hills:
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

... if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

LOVE.

. . . . stony limits cannot hold love out:

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love is deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . . how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

. . . . love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 6

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

LOVE.

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

For lovers ever run before the clock.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

. . . .ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

The course of true love never did run smooth;

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .reason and love keep little company together
now-a-days.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

. . . .a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

LOVE.

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

....true lovers, run into strange capers;

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

To love is to be all made of sighs and tears;

.
It is to be all made of faith and service;

.
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;

—*As You Like It*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

LOVE.

...they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—

—*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

...how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

They do not love, that do not show their love.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

...they love least, that let men know their love.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

...love is blind.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Love can feed on the air.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

LOVE.

...parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

...for love delights in praises.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

...love's a mighty lord,

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

For love is still most precious to itself;

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

...for love is like a child,

That longs for everything that he can come by.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

...lovers break not hours,

Unless it be to come before their time,

So much they spur their expedition.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

LOVE.

Hope is a lover's staff;

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

...love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

The more thou damm'st love up, the more it burns.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays

With willing sport to the wide ocean.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

Times goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

LOVE.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love:
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach:

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:

Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,

But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

—*Venus and Adonis*, 95th verse.

LOVE.

The expedition of violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.

—*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon

—*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;

—*Venus and Adonis, 21st verse.*

Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

—*Venus and Adonis, 56th verse.*

LOVE.

... lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong.
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

—*Venus and Adonis*, 55th verse.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none:
—*Venus and Adonis*, 65th verse.

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 25th verse,

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 96th verse.

...!love can comment upon every woe.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 119th verse.

Love's reason's without reason:
—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

...rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

LOVE.

....none offend, where all alike do dote.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

....love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.'

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

....all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy;

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

....love is holy,

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 39th verse.

LOVE.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . . though love use reason for his physician, he
admits him not for his counsellor.
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

O powerful love! that in some respects, makes
a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.
—*Sonnets XXIII.*

. . . . it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
—*Sonnets XL.*

LOVE.

O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
—*Sonnets CXXXVIII.*

So true a fool is love, that in your will
Though you do anything he thinks no ill.
—*Sonnets LVII.*

That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
—*Sonnets CII.*

Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
—*Sonnets CXVI.*

. . . ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
—*Sonnets CXIX.*

LOVE.

Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 51st verse.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,

That they behold, and see not what they see?

They know what beauty is, see where it lies,

Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.

If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,

Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,

Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,

Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?

Why should my heart think that a several plot,

Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,

To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,

And to this false plague are they now transferred.

—*Sonnets CXXXVII.*

My love is as a fever, longing still

For that which longer nurseth the disease;

Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,

The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

—*Sonnets CXLVII.*

Love is too young to know what conscience is;

Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?

—*Sonnets CLI.*

LOVE.

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

—*Sonnets CLIV.*

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

—*Sonnets CXLVIII.*

...at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs,

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

...sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

...looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:

—*Venus and Adonis, 78th verse.*

LOVE.

....how want of love tormenteth?

—*Venus and Adonis*, 34th verse.

....love's best habit is a soothing tongue,

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1st verse.

....age, in love, loves not to have years told.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1st verse.

Love, whose month was ever May.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 17th verse.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

GRIEF.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions.

—*Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

....you do surely bar the door upon your own
liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

GRIEF.

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy.
—*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
—*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
—*King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

....sad hours seem long.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

....one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

....some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

GRIEF.

One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir

That may succeed as his inheritor;

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

....we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants, than the scene

Wherein we play in.

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief:

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

GRIEF.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help.
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

. . . . tears, there are no faces truer than those that
are so washed;

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

The night is long that never finds the day.

—*Macbeth*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

. . . . to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

. . . . men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

GRIEF.

....every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

....'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

....there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

....sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

GRIEF.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
—*Macbeth*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
—*Macbeth*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

. . . . none can cure our harms by wailing them
—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
—*Venus and Adonis*, 56th verse.

. . . . past cure is still past care.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . . woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

GRIEF.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . .grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .grief makes one hour ten.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse

Than priests and fanes that lie.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

. . . .gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .misery makes sport to mock itself:

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

GRIEF.

. . . . who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O! no! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore
 —*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
 Show nothing but confusion: eyed awry,
 Distinguish form:
 —*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 —*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . dry your eyes;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
 —*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 3.*

GRIEF.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief
 —*King Richard II.*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
 A heaviness that's gone.
 —*The Tempest*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

What's gone, and what's past help,
 Should be past grief:
 —*Winter's Tale*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . .grief, that's beauty's canker,
 —*The Tempest*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 —*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
 And after summer evermore succeeds
 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
 So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
 —*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Sad souls are slain in merry company;
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece* 159th verse.

GRIEF.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 160th verse.

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 160th verse.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part of woe doth bear:
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 190th verse.

For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 214th verse.

Sleep seldom visits sorrow, when it doth,
 It is a comforter.
 —*The Tempest*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

GRIEF.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;

And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 225th verse.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,

To think their dolor others have endured.

—*The Rape of Lucrece* 226th verse.

... what a hell of witchcraft lies

In the small orb of one particular tear!

But with the inundation of the eyes

What rocky heart to water will not wear?

What breast so cold that is not warmed here?

—*Lover's Complaint*, 42nd verse.

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

... you do, surely, but bar the door upon your
own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead;
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

JOY.

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
—*Sonnets VIII.*

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a could;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

JEWELS.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

IMAGINATION.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

. . . . imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown,

—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . so full of shapes is fancy,

That it alone is high-fantastical.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

MISERY.

. . . . misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

—*The Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

For misery is trodden on by many,

And being low, never relieved by any.

—*Venus and Adonis, 118th verse.*

PAST.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

PRESENT.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

The present eye praises the present object:
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

FUTURE.

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

WORTHLESSNESS.

Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

ADVANCEMENT.

. . . . too much honor.
. . . . 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

CORRUPTION.

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

PRAYER.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
—*King Richard III., Act 3, Sc. 7.*

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

CUSTOM.

...use almost can change the stamp of nature,
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
—*King Henry VIII., Act 1, Sc. 3.*

...use doth breed a habit in a man!
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

CUSTOM.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.

—*Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

...the breach of custom
Is breach of all.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

...those that are good manners at the court are
as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior of the
country is most mockable at the court.

—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

FOLLY.

...full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

...a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

—*Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

FOLLY.

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall;
—*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
—*Coriolanus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . .manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly,
—*As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 6.*

. . . .what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
—*King Richard III., Act 4, Sc. 4.*

He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

FOOLS.

Fools are not mad folks.
—*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

FOOLS.

Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely,
what wise men do foolishly.

—*As You Like It*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of
the wits.

—*As You Like It*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

CRISIS.

. . . .diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

—*Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Strong reasons make strange actions.

—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:

—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

CRISIS.

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

SATISFACTION.

He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

MURDER.

Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

...we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.

—*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

To kill, I grant is sin's extremest gust;

But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

...the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then,

Sprun at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

—*King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 4.*

MURDER.

. . . . murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

—*King John Act 3, Sc. 4.*

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

—*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

—*King John, Act 5, Sc. 7.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:

—*King Henry V., Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

MURDER.

....murder cannot be hid long;

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

....murder cannot be hid long; truth will out.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

ACTORS.

....in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

—*King Richard II.*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

FLATTERY.

For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

FLATTERY.

. . . .he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

He that no more must say is listen'd more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . .when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 8.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world:

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep;

—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

BOASTING.

They are but beggars that can count their worth;
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

...there's not one wise man among twenty that
will praise himself.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

For when no friends are by men praise themselves
—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

...to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this: for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

IDLENESS.

...then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still;
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

IDLENESS.

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

. . . .weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

INDUSTRY.

. . . .things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to.

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

. . . .weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 6.*

He that runs fastest gets the ring.

—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

NEWS.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news:

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

....give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

....let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

....the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

FACE.

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

HONOR.

...if I lose mine honor,
I lose myself:
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

...honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

...honor we love,
For who hates honor hates the gods above.
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take honor from me, and my life is done:
—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery
of honor;
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

HONOR.

. . . .as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .divorce not wisdom from your honor.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 4th verse.

HASTE.

Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 7.

Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

HASTE.

. . . .sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

MEDICINE.

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 5. Sc. 5.

WISDOM.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

. . . .when valor preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

WISDOM.

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches:

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

. . . . wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man
regards it.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

—*All's Well That End Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerily seek how to redress their harms.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 40th verse.*

IGNORANCE.

Your ignorance which finds not, till it feels

—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . . ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

. . . . the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than the ears,

—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

IGNORANCE.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink depart
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

ECONOMY.

Have more than thou showest,

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Fast bind, fast find,

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

SPENDTHRIFT.

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

RIDING.

Ride more than thou goest,

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

REPENTANCE.

Woe, that too late repents,
—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

. . . sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Ingratitude is monstrous.
—*Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

CLOTHING.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

CLOTHING.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

JUDGEMENT.

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

...men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13.*

Wit, . . . those wits, that think they have thee,
do very oft prove fools;

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

MONEY.

. . . . when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

. . . . he that wants money, means, and content, is
without three good friends;
—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
—*King John*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

MONEY.

. . . . nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry:

For this they have engrossed and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

Who steals my purse steals trash.

—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

MONEY.

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

. . . . the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool:
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 19th verse.

Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 21st verse.

MONEY.

If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such like flattering,
 'Pity but he were a king.'
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice:
 If to women he be bent,
 They have at commandment;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then, farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before
 Use his company no more.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 21st verse.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

RICHES.

. . . .place, riches and favor,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

RICHERS.

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold

.

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . . gold; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
 —*Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
 Mine honor, it.
 —*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.*

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked purse itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 —*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

RICHES.

. . . . faults that are rich are fair.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo?

—*Cymbeline*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Rich preys make true-men thieves;

—*Venus and Adonis*, 121st verse.

For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

. . . .he that has no house to put his head in? such
may rail against great buildings.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough;

—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . .when the butt is out, we will drink water;

—*The Tempest*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

HOME.

He that has a house to put 's head in has a good
head-piece.

—*King Lear*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . 'tis ever common,

That men are merriest when they are from home.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .he that has no house to put his head in? such
may rail against great buildings.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

NECESSITY.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.

—*King Lear*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . .where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.

—*King Lear*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Thou'dst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.

—*King Lear*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

FAULTS.

. . . .full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
—*King John*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

FAULTS.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud,
All men make faults.

—*Sonnets XXXV.*

SLEEP.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
—*Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest.
—*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse,
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

SLEEP.

Sleep seldom visits sorrow, when it doth,
It is a comforter.

—*The Tempest*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . .he that sleeps feels not the toothache:

—*Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

LIFE.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.

—*Pericles, Prince of Trye*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—*Macbeth*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

LIFE.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,

LIFE.

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
 —*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

A life's but a span;
 —*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . .how sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So it is in the music of men's lives.
 —*King Richard II.*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
 —*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . .the time of life is short!
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 —*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;
 As life for honor in fell battles' rage;
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 21st verse.

LIFE.

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

LIFE.

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor
age,

But, as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

—*Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.

—*Sonnets LX.*

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*The Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

LIFE.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingritudes:

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . . thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop.

—*King Henry IV.*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

RUMOR.

Report is changeable.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 7.

RUMOR.

Rumor is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Induction.*

Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
 —*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

BOOKS.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
 —*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Me, poor man, my library
 Was dukedom large enough;
 —*The Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

A book? O, rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.
 —*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

MIND.

Our bodies are gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts;

—*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . nature crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

. . . . 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

VICE.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

VICE.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
—*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

...the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape;
—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

...foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

For in the fatness of these porsy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

VICE.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savor but themselves.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . .our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us:

—*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . .when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13.*

Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

VICE.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . . though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . . when rich villains have need of poor ones,
poor ones may make what price they will.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . . to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

VICE.

. . . . every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

—*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Things, bad begun, makes strong themselves by ill:

—*Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

—*King Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 1.*

The love of wicked men converts to fear;

That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both

To worthy danger and deserved death.

—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 1.*

. . . . oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,

As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

—*King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

VICE.

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . .there's small choice in rotten apples.

—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

—*King Henry V., Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . .there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 2, Sc. 4.*

A rotten case abides no handling.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . .what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

VICE.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
—*King John*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
—*Sonnets XXXIV*.

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
—*Sonnets XCIV*.

. . . .canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
—*Sonnets LXX*.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 91st verse.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

VIRTUE.

. . . .the goodness that is chieft in beauty makes
beauty brief in goodness;
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

VIRTUE.

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honor:

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

... virtue that transgresses is but patched with
sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 5.

'Tis virtue that doth make women most admir'd;

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

For in the fatness of these pursy times,

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Virtue is beauty;

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

NAME.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

PARTING.

....parting is such sweet sorrow
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

CARE.

....care killed a cat.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

....care's an enemy to life.
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

EXILE.

....exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death:
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

PHILOSOPHY.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

DEATH.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great
As when a giant dies.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

'Tis a vile thing to die,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

DEATH.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

. . . . nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . . they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

DEATH.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

—*Macbeth, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

. . . .not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

—*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

—*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . .within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and, humor'd thus,
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

—*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

DEATH.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered;

—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead;
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

He that dies, pays all debts:

—*The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

—*Taming of the Shrew—Induction Sc. 1.*

DEATH.

Death is a fearful thing.

And shamed life a hateful.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

...the end of life cancels all bands;

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

...kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery.

—*Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

DEATH.

. . . .he that dies this year is quit for the next.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Sc. 5.*

. . . .this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest

—*Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . .a man can die but once: we owe God a death:

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Why, thou owest God a death.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

Thou antic death,

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 4, Sc. 7.*

QUARRELS.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.

—*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

QUARRELS.

...when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds:

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

...my counsel is my shield;
—*King Richard III.*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 107th verse.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

...better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

...friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

PURSUIT.

...who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 124th verse.

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

...too light winning
Make the prize light.
—*The Tempest*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

POSSESSION.

...they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 124th verse.

POSSESSION.

. . . . have is have, however men do catch:

—*King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Things won are done joy's soul lies in the doing:

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . . what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost.
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

MARRIAGE.

. . . . men are April when they woo, December
when they wed: maids are May when they are maids,
but the sky changes when they are wives.

—*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O, blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honored:

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god in every town!

—*As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

... wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 9.*

... earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

... hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

MARRIAGE.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

. . . . a soldier is better accommodated than with
a wife.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

MERIT.

O, that estates, degrees and offices

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare!

How many be commanded, that command!

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 9.

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir t' the first.

—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

SENTIMENTALITY.

Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 9.

HUSBAND.

What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband?

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;
for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath
not the gift to woo in other places: for these fel-
lows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into
ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out
again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is
but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back
will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will
wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun, and
moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it
shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course
truly.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

HUSBAND.

. . . .it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall.

—*Othello*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.

—*Othello*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

. . . .a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

WIFE.

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

WIFE.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

WIFE.

...worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 5, Sc. 5.*

...it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall:

—*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.

—*Othello, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

...a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband?

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

...war is no strife

To the dark house, and the deserted wife.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

GOLDEN TEXTS FROM SHAKESPEARE

GOOD DEEDS.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . good should be pertinent;

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Good alone

Is good, without a name.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

PERSEVERANCE.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?

—*Venus and Adonis*, 95th verse.

. . . . perseverance,

Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

—*The Tempest*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . . the fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck;

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

TREASON.

. . . . treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

LENDING.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Lend less than thou owest,
—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

BORROWING.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

VENGEANCE.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself:
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

....for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

....the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance:
—*The Tempest*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

LOWLINESS.

....' tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
 And wear a golden sorrow.

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

....lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 2, Sc. 5.

LOWLINESS.

...most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 1, Sc. 6.

DISCONTENT.

...war is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

...what's more miserable than discontent?
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

CONTENTMENT.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

... 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Our content
Is our best having.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

CLERGYMEN.

Love and meekness,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

TRAITORS.

Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
—*King Richard III.*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

LUST.

Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

In night, . . . desire sees best of all.

—*Venus and Adonis, 120th verse.*

The cloyed will,

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub

Both fill'd and running ravening first the lamb,

Longs after for the garbage.

—*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

—*King Henry V., Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher

—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.*

O rash, false heat, wrap'd in repentant cold,

Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 7th verse.*

LUST.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.
 And then, with lank and lean discolor'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
 For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 101st-102nd verses.

For light and lust are deadly enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 97th verse.

But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 72nd verse.

LUST.

Tears harden lust, though marble wears with raining.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 80th verse.

Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 28th verse.

CHASTITY.

More than our brother is our chastity.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 4th verse.

But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 122nd verse.

CRITICISM.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

TIME.

. . . .time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . .time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer.
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
—*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's
worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
—*Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

TIME.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To ruate proud buildings with thy hours
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 135-136-137 verses.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 143rd verse.

TIME.

For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there,
—*Sonnets, V.*

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.
—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

... time
Goes upright with his carriage.
—*The Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

TIME.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act I, Sc. 3.*

We are time's subjects,

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act I, Sc. 3.*

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:

—*Sonnets LX.*

. . . . rocks impregnable are not so stout,

Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

.

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

—*Sonnets LXV.*

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,

Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;

—*Sonnets LXXVII.*

Time, whose million'd accidents

Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,

Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;

—*Sonnets CXV.*

TIME.

Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

—*Sonnets LXXVII.*

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done:

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Time is the old justice that examines all such
offenders,

—*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

. . . .thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.

—*King Henry IV., Act 5, Sc. 4.*

The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
—*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

TIME.

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master;

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

DEEDS.

'Tis deeds, must win the prize;

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Let deeds express

What's like to be their words:

—*Coriolanus*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Words pay no debts, give deeds:

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Talkers are no good doers:

—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

PEOPLE.

. . . the people

Must have their voices;

—*Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

ANARCHY.

. . . .when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
—*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

WORDS.

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

. . . .words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
—*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

WORDS.

But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Words pay no debts, give deeds:
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Talkers are no good doers:
—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Discourse is heavy, fasting;
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 6.

...be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

...many a man's tongue shakes out his master's
undoing:
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

RESPECT.

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns, if not respected.
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

WAR.

. . . the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honor, which dies i' the search,
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

—*King Henry V., Act 3, Sc. 1.*

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
 In a just and charitable war.

—*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

WAR.

The end of war's uncertain,
—*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

...now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
—*King John, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 5, Sc. 2.*

...big wars,
That make ambition virtue!
—*Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valor.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

PEACE.

The grappling vigor, and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
—*King Henry V.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

SIMPLICITY.

....never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

....sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

BEAUTY.

....those that fortune makes fair she scarce
makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she
makes very ill-favoredly.

—*As You Like It*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself

To others' eyes;

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

BEAUTY.

...what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
—*As You Like It*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

...to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

...honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey
a sauce to sugar.
—*As You Like It*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

...nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution,
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

...the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Virtue is beauty;
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

BEAUTY.

... beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

... for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

... is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

... beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and mocks the sense of rough.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 39th verse.

BEAUTY.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 5th verse.

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
—*Sonnets IX*.

Beauty needs no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
—*Sonnets CI*.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves.
—*Sonnets LIV*.

...the power of beauty will sooner transform
honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of
honesty can transmute beauty into his likeness:
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

BEAUTY.

O beauty! where is thy faith?

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it ' gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.
—*The Passionate Pilgrim, 13th verse.*

Look on beauty,
And you shall see ' tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
—*Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

EXPERIENCE.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than
experience to make me sad;

—*As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

EXPERIENCE.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 5, Sc. 6.*

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Experience, O, thou disproveest report!
—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

DOUBT.

...modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
—*Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 4.*

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born
—*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6.*

...urge doubts to them that fear.
—*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 1.*

HOLLOWNESS.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

PRIDE.

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his
own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and
whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

—*Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

. . . .pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

All pride is willing pride,

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

Small things make base men proud:
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

LIQUOR.

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. . . . If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

LIQUOR.

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

. . . . good wine needs no bush,

—*As You Like It*, Epilogue.

O thou invisible spirit of wine if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . . good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used:

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

INTEMPERANCE.

To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

TEMPERANCE.

. . . . nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's
no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of
these demure boys come to any proof;

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 3.*

DRUNKARD.

What's a drunken man like?

Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one
draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads
him, and a third drowns him.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

One drunkard loves another of the name.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

INOPPORTUNENESS.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she could sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

SCOFFING.

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

—*As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

SOLDIERS.

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

. . . .soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . .a soldier is better accommodated than with
a wife.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

POETRY.

. . . .poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

POETRY.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

. . . .mincing poetry:

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

CEREMONY.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form

Creating awe and fear in other men

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery?

—*King Henry V.*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

. . . .the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

—*Macbeth*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

—*King Henry V.*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

CEREMONY.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
—*Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

. . . .the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and
ceremony:

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

PROMISES.

Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

NIGHT.

Deep night, dark night, and silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

VICTORY.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings
home full numbers.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

The harder match'd, the greater victory:

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

VALUE.

What's aught, but as 'tis valued?

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer:

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . what things there are,

Most abject in regard and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

EXPECTATION.

... expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense:
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

ERROR.

What error leads must err;
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again;
—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

DREAMS.

. . . . dreams

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

A dream itself is but a shadow.

—*Hamlet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

HAPPINESS.

. . . . what fool is not so wise

To break an oath, to win a paradise?

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 3rd verse.

PUNISHMENT.

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

—*Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

. . . . in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd;

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

TEMPTATION.

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

...do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: Be more abstemious
Or else, good night, your vow!
—*The Tempest*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done!
—*King John*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

...it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

PATRIOTISM.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

CONSTANCY.

....were man

But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults;

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

POWER.

....it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 88th verse.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

HOPE.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

—*Richard III.*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs;

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

HUNGER.

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

RELENTLESSNESS.

Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

WORLD.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

WORLD.

. . . . the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

I hold the world but as the world,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.
—*King Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

LABOR.

. . . . there's no better sign of a brave mind than a
hard hand.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

The labor we delight in physics pain.
—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

TIPPING.

These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report.
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

LIBERTY.

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master;

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . .head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

SLAVERY.

To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;

—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

INSTINCT.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Pursuing dangers; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Instinct is a great matter;

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

CURSES.

. . . .curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

HUMILITY.

...some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends.

—*The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

GENEROSITY.

To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition,
is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem
cannon-bullets.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

DELAY.

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

—*King Richard III., Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends

—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

In delay there lies no plenty;

—*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

SELFISHNESS.

Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

—*Venus and Adonis, 28th verse.*

SELFISHNESS.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

DISGUISE.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

OPPORTUNITY.

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 7.

...the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is
when she's fallen out with her husband.

—*Coriolanus*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

OPPORTUNITY.

O, Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?

OPPORTUNITY.

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
 They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
 He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid,
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

.
 Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subordination,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
 Guilty of incest, that abomination;
 An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130,
 131, 132, *verses*.

OPPORTUNITY.

Make use of time, let no advantage slip;
—*Venus and Adonis*, 22nd verse.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 22nd verse.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
—*Venus and Adonis*, 28th verse.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth in thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 29th verse.

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :

—*Sonnets I.*

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

—*Sonnets V.*

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

—*Sonnets X.*

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so the times would cease
And threescore year would make the world away.

—*Sonnets XI.*

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an ill-eating shame and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer "This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

—*Sonnets II.*

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
 But when from high-most pitch with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way:

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

—*Sonnets VII.*

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine
heir.

—*Sonnets VI.*

. . . . who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

—*Sonnets III.*

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

—*Sonnets IV.*

Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,

PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE.

Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifths: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

—*Sonnets XIII.*

LOSS.

I can give the loser leave to chide.
—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

How mightily sometimes we make us comforts
of our losses.

—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

It would make any man cold to lose.
—*Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

Some falls are means the happier to arise.
—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

WINNING.

. . . .they laugh that win.

—*Othello*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Winning will put any man into courage.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

—*King John*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .nothing can seem foul to those that win.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

AMBITION.

. . . .the very substance of the ambitious is merely
the shadow of a dream.

—*Hamlet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .ambition of so airy and light a quality that
it is but a shadow's shadow.

—*Hamlet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well,

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

AMBITION.

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends.

—*The Tempest*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
—*King John*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

...lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend:

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

... 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

AMBITION.

. . . . man and birds are fain of climbing high.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . . few men rightly temper with the stars:

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

—*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

MIRROR.

. . . . it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to
confer

—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

COURTESY.

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!

—*Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

SUN.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

—*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 3.*

SOCIETY.

Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavor in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

—*King Henry V., Act 1, Sc. 2.*

. . . .societyis the happiness of life.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

SOCIETY.

. . . . society is no comfort
To one not sociable:
—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

EYES.

. . . . our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords:
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
—*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Your eyes are lode-stars;
—*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.
—*Sonnets XXIV.*

RUINS.

The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.
—*Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

REPUTATION.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition;
oft got without merit, and lost without deserving:
—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

CONSCIENCE.

. . . . conscience does make cowards of us all,
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
—*King Richard III.*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

CONSCIENCE.

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords
—*King Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 2.*

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
—*King Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
—*King Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . . conscience is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shame-fast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and live without it.
—*King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 4.*

. . . . great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ' gins to bite the spirits.
—*The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

CONSCIENCE.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?

—*Sonnets CLI.*

SPORT.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

FATNESS.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

WIDOWS.

. . . . God, the widow's champion and defence.

—*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 2.*

TRAVELLERS.

. . . travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

—*The Tempest, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

NATURE.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
——*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
——*King John*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
——*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

USURPATION.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
——*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

. . . . though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
——*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

RELIGION.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;
—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

. . . .sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words:
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

ARBITRATION.

Good words are better than bad strokes,
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

MELANCHOLIA.

. . . .humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

SPRING.

. . . .proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
—*Sonnets XCVIII*.

MOTIVES.

Good reasons must of force, give place to better.

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things:

—*King Henry V.*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

STUDY.

Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student
from his book, and it is wonderful.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

. . . . study what you most affect.

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Study is like heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

WINTER.

. . . . winter tames man, woman, and beast;

—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

ENVIRONMENT.

. . . . on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
—*Sonnets XCVI.*

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:
—*King Henry V., Act 1, Sc. 1.*

SUSPICION.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 1.*

HISTORY.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times diseased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaured.
—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

ADVANTAGE.

. . . . advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 3, Sc. 6.

PROMPTNESS.

. . . . better three hours too soon than a minute too late.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

GAMBLING.

Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

FATE.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

—*Hamlet*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

RASH JUDGEMENT.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

RETALIATION.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 2, Sc. 2.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
—*King Henry VIII., Act 1, Sc. 1.*

CRUELTY.

...when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom,
the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.
—*King Henry V., Act 3, Sc. 6.*

CIVIL WAR.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
—*King Henry VI. (Part i), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

OBEDIENCE.

Let them obey that know not how to rule;
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

OATHS.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
—*Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

DISGRACE.

For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
—*Sonnets, XXXIV.*

SUDDEN WEALTH.

....beggars mounted run their horse to death.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 1, Sc. 4.*

PROPRIETY.

....if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

ABUSE.

The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

—*Sonnets, XCV.*

ATTEMPTS.

....a cause on foot,

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair

That frosts will bite them.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,

—*Venus and Adonis, 95th verse.*

DUTY.

For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 174th verse.*

INFLUENCE.

. . . . a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 5, Sc. 1.*

EVIDENCE.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 2.*

CONFESSION.

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 51st verse.*

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

FISHING.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

ACTION.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly:

—*Macbeth*, Act 1, Sc. 7.

The present eye praises the present object:

.

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Action is eloquence,

—*Coriolanus*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

CAUTIOUSNESS.

If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers;

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

ARTISTS.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 2, Sc. 3.*

OMISSION.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

FORCE.

Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.
—*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Blunt wedges rive hard knots:
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

FORGIVENESS.

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?
—*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Pray you now, forget and forgive:
—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 7.*

PARDON.

No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

KISS.

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

O! a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

—*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

. . . .had my lips that power,

Thus would I wear them out.

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Sc. 15.*

PRECEDENT.

Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;

Things done without example, in their issue

Are to be fear'd.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 1, Sc. 2.*

LAWYERS.

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly:

—*Timon of Athens*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

MORNING.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

OPPRESSION.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

PRECOCITY.

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

REVENGE.

. . . . pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

. . . . kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
—*As You Like It*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

STRENGTH.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

TOOTHACHE.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

SUBMISSION.

... wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
—*King Richard II.*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

THANKS.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

YESTERDAY.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
—*Macbeth*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

WISHES.

Wishes were ever fools
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 4, Sc. 15.

WILL.

Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills
are gardeners:
—*Othello*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

REASON.

. . . .reason and love keep little company together
now-a-days.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

The will of man is by his reason sway'd

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . .what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

. . . .with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part.

—*The Tempest*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

ALLEGIANCE.

. . . .he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,

Does conquer him that did his master conquer,

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

KINDNESS.

...you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

...what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 2, Sc. 6.

...kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
—*As You Like It*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

UNKINDNESS.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

THOUGHT.

...thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.
—*King Henry IV.*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
—*Sonnets XLIV*.

WIT.

. . . . brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . since the little wit that fools have was
silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a
great show.
—*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

Jesters do oft prove prophets.
—*King Lear, Act 5, Sc. 3.*

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of
the wits.
—*As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
. . . . wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

WIT.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

....they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

—*Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

....short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

(Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 5.*

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it:

—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

A good wit will make use of any thing:

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 2.*

APPEARANCE.

A golden mind stoops not to show of dross;
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

All that glisters is not gold;
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

. . . .all hoods make not monks.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

ANGER.

. . . .where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Never anger
Made good guard for itself.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a
hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

. . . .anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

ANGER.

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels.
—*Coriolanus, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
—*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Rage must be withstood:
... lions make leopards tame.
—*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 1.*

... with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part:
—*The Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge.
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 13.*

LOYALTY.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
—*King Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 1.*

FASHION.

. . . .the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

—*Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

SUICIDE.

He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another:

—*Coriolanus, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

. . . .he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.

—*Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 4.*

RABBLE.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

RABBLE.

. . . .the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
—*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

. . . .curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland.

—*Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . .that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
—*King Richard II., Act 2, Sc. 2.*

RABBLE.

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

FAMILIARITY.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

—*Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

FAITH.

. . . .faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

—*King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

OBSTINACY.

. . . .to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

—*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

GUILT.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

—*Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

...infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
—*Macbeth*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

...great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.
—*The Tempest*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

...guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.
—*Othello*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 5, Sc. 6.

...they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 192*d* verse.

LIVELIHOOD.

There's place and means for every man alive.
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

PRAISE.

...one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages:

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

ENVY.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more when envy breeds unkind division;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

—*King Henry VI. (Part i)*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

CHEERFULNESS.

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

...a light heart lives long.

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

HOLIDAYS.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

CIVIL AUTHORITY.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:

—*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

SOUL.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy resture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

TAMING.

. . . . for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur
Till they obey the manage.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

FAMINE.

. . . .famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 6.

FORTUNE.

. . . .when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

. . . .some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

FORTUNE.

Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 11.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

Fortune,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor,
—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

. . . . 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 4, Sc. 5.

. . . . men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Sc. 13.

DEPENDENCE.

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors;

—*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—*King Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

ADVERSITY.

Let me embrace thee sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

—*Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

DOWNFALL.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down
a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the
great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.

—*King Lear, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

—*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is aripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

DOWNFALL.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice:
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.

—*The Passionate Pilgrim*, 21st verse.

MISFORTUNE.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men:

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act. 4, Sc. 2.

. . . . yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

INFIRMITY.

Infirmary doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound;

—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

....we are not ourselves

When nature being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body:

—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

....infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever
make the better fool.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 5.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,

With casted slough and fresh legerity.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

BEARD.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

GREATNESS.

The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin.

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Kingdoms are clay:
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

. . . . some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

—*Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

—*King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
—*Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 4.*

GREATNESS.

. . . .graces will appear,
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
—*Titus Andronicus*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a
hill, lest it break thy neck with following it:
—*King Lear*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

What great ones do the less will prattle of,
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

GREATNESS.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches and favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister:
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes;

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

.....great floods have flown
 From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

—*Alls' Well That Ends Well*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power:

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

GREATNESS.

All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.

—*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

. . . .the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on,
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . .the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honor; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:
—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . .the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 5, Sc. 4.

GREATNESS.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear and blank distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; meet fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,
 Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Alway, and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field;
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him him tremble there?
 O, let it not be said: forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

—*King John*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 —*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
 —*The Rape of Lucrece*, 88th verse.

GREATNESS.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
 In shadow of such greatness!

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 2.*

The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 95th verse.*

GREATNESS.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
 As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 5.*

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honor'd or begets him hate;
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 144th verse.*

Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honor razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:

—*Sonnets XXV.*

GREATNESS.

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors;

—*Cymbeline, Act 5, Sc. 4.*

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

True nobility is exempt from fear:
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 93rd verse.*

POLICY.

Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

—*Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

AUSTERITY.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
 And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
 O my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 —*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

NOBILITY.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
 —*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

FAILURE.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
 Die in the zeal of that which it presents:
 Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
 When great things laboring perish in their birth.
 —*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.*

MEEKNESS.

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

INNOCENCE.

The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades when speaking fails.

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

. . . .innocence shall make

False accusation blush,

—*Winter's Tale*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;

Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 13th verse.

VIRGINITY.

. . . .our virginity, though valiant, in the defence
yet is weak:

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 5.

...he that is well hanged in this world needs
to fear no colors.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 5.

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
—*King Henry V.*, Act 3, Sc. 6.

INFERIORITY.

...small to greater matter must give way.
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed!
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by;
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

...the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground;
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

INFERIORITY.

. . . .the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
—*King Henry IV. (Part i), Act 1, Sc. 3.*

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 2, Sc. 5.*

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide.
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 93rd verse.*

MIRTH.

... 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
—*King Henry V.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.
—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 159th verse.

SALE.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

KNOWLEDGE.

... ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 4, Sc. 7.

SADNESS.

A merry heart goes all day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—*Winter's Tale*, Act 4, Sc. 3.

TEARS.

. . . . tears, there are no faces truer than those that
are so washed;

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . . dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . . what a hell of witchcraft lies

In the small orb of one particular tear!

But with the inundation of the eyes

What rocky heart to water will not wear?

What breast so cold that is not warmed here?

—*Lover's Complaint*, 42nd verse.

Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

—*The Rape of Lucrece*, 80th verse.

STUBBORNNESS.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:

—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

REMEDY.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.

—*Coriolanus*, Act 4, Sc. 7.

INEVITABLENESS.

... what cannot be avoided
' Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii), Act 5, Sc. 4.*

SUPERIORITY.

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain:
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

JUSTICE.

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
—*Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.*

Be just, and fear not:
—*King Henry VIII., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

... sparing justice feeds iniquity.
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 241st verse.*

INJUSTICE.

... 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 242nd verse.*

LAW.

...when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
—*King John*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

...pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 3, Sc. 5.

DESPERATION.

...mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

HYPOCRISY.

...what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
—*Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy.
—*Macbeth*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

HYPOCRISY.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiling shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

HYPOCRISY.

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 —*Merchant of Venice*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

O, what authority and show of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
 —*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 —*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 —*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . .the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape;
 —*Hamlet*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
 And pious action we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.
 —*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

HYPOCRISY.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!

—*Sonnets XCVI.*

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

—*Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

—*King Lear, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—*King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 6.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

PITY.

No beast so fierce but knows touch of pity.

—*King Richard III., Act 1, Sc. 2.*

PITY.

As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity—
—*Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
—*The Rape of Lucrece, 85th verse.*

MUSIC.

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
—*Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

For Orpeus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.*

...music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 5.*

...music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
—*Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

MUSIC.

. . . . nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

. . . . music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

—*Measure for Measure*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

TRUST.

Learn more than thou trowest,

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

For trust not him that hath once broken faith,

—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 4.

TRUST.

. . . .you may fear too far.

Safer than trust too far

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none:

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

SILENCE.

There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

O my Antonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

SILENCE.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

...silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

—*Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

Speak less than thou knowest,

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Sc. 4.

DANGER.

But I must go and meet with danger there,

Or it will seek me in another place

And find me worse provided.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii)*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

...danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

—*King Henry VI. (Part ii)*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

DANGER.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Pursuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.

—*King Richard III.*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

RISK.

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Sc. 7.

EXCESS.

 we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it?
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

VANITY.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

MERCY.

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
—*Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
—*Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
—*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

. . . . pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
—*Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5.*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
—*Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Sc. 1.*

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
—*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . . lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
—*Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 4.*

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
—*The Tempest, Epilogue.*

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;

—*The Tempest*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

PATIENCE.

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

PATIENCE.

. . . .to climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first:

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must
needs tarry the grinding.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

. . . .though patience be a tired mare, yet she will
plod.

—*King Henry V.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

How poor are they that have not patience!

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . .you must stay the cooling too, or you may
chance to burn your lips.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 5, Sc. 5.

That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

SCORN.

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

CHARITY.

Love thyself last:

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . cherish those hearts that hate thee;

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 3, Sc. 2.

. . . . the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 126th verse.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none:
—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

TYRANTS.

. . . . tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

—*Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3.

. . . . pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

—*Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

—*King Richard II.*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

—*King Henry IV. (Part i)*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, "It is thy last."

—*Lover's Complaint*, 24th verse.

PLEASURE.

. . . . pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 2.

What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
—*Lover's Complaint*, 13th verse.

WATCHFULNESS.

Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
And if the shepherd be awhile away.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
—*King Richard II.*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

JEALOUSY.

. . . . jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ:
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

JEALOUSY.

. . . . what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet fondly loves!
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

. . . . jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
—*Othello*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
—*Comedy of Errors*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

KINGS.

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

KINGS.

Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee.
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distasteful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

KINGS.

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever running year,
 With profitable labor, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

—*King Henry V., Act 4, Sc. 1.*

What subject can give sentence on his king?

—*King Richard II., Act 4, Sc. 1.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord:

—*King Richard II., Act 3, Sc. 2.*

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

—*King Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 3.*

But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:

—*The Rape of Lucrece, 88th verse.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—*King Henry IV. (Part ii), Act 3, Sc. 1.*

WELCOME.

. . . .the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony :

—*Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. 2.*

. . . .welcome ever smiles,

—*Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.*

. . . .ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
—*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Sc. 2.*

UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

. . . .more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of;
—*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

. . . .easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,
—*Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

CURE.

They love not poison that do poison need,
—*King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 6.*

GIFTS.

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
—*All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.*

UNNATURALNESS.

. . . .unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles:
—*Macbeth*, Act 5, Sc. 1.

OPPORTUNENESS.

The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.
—*Venus and Adonis*, 88th verse.

DECEPTION.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking.
—*Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

SERVILITY.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.
—*King John*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

CAREFULNESS.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 1, Sc. 2.

TRIFLES.

A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
—*King Henry VI. (Part iii)*, Act 4, Sc. 8.

FLIGHTINESS.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it:
—*Macbeth*, Act 4, Sc. 1.

FAREWELL.

. . . . farewell goes out sighing.
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Sc. 3.

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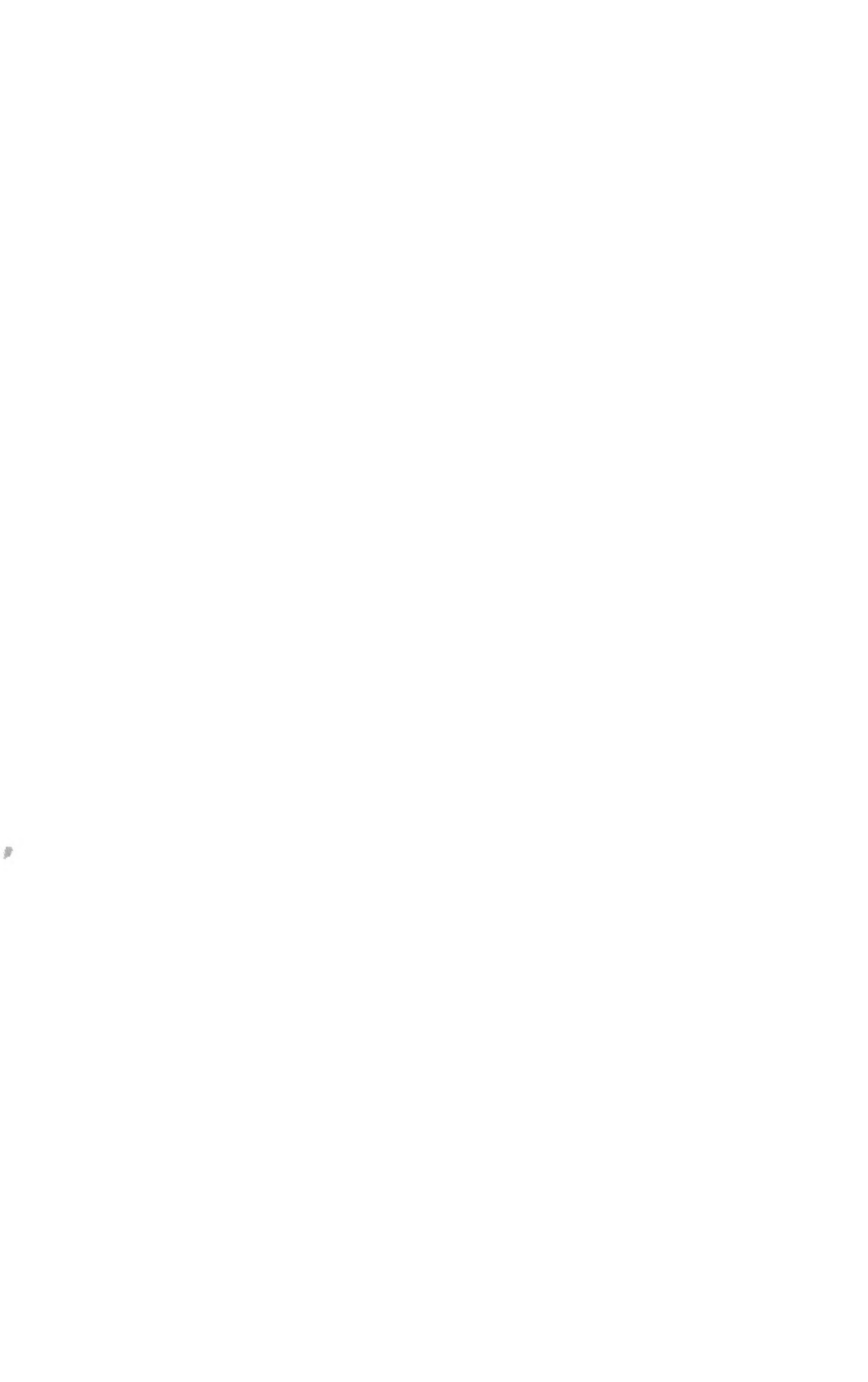
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MM CASE

FRAGILE DOES NOT
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